The Liberalist

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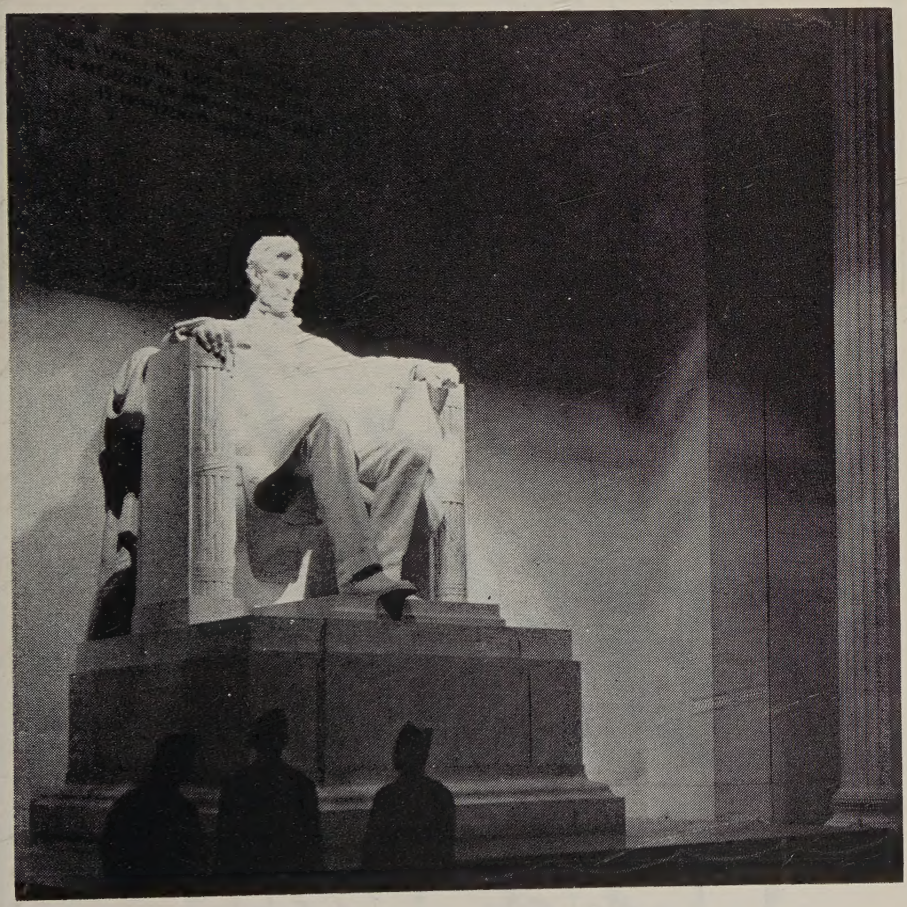

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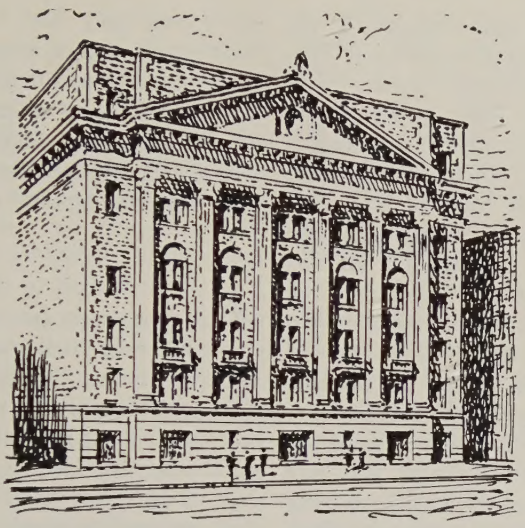

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

WE are all time-conscious at the beginning of a new year. This was brought home most forcefully to me when I was going through the radio mail this morning. A radio listener in Racine, Wisconsin, sent me a current copy of a Racine Journal-Times. They publish a column called "Looking Backward." At the head of the column was a picture of me which even my closest friends would have difficulty in identifying as it was taken so long ago. Under the heading "Thirty Years Ago," was this item:

"Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, will give the main address at the formal opening of the new William Horlick High School, on the evening of January 18."

I remember the occasion well although thirty busy years have passed since that evening. I recall the event with pleasant recollections. The High School was named after William Horlick of the internationally known Horlick's Malted Milk.

I am very grateful to my radio friend for sending me this clipping and will file it away with many others. The William Horlick High School in Racine has developed into one of the most important high schools in mid-America. I wonder where all of those students are, and what has happened to their lives, who were present that night so long ago.

Everywhere I go I meet someone who speaks of some association which I have had with their life or their community. These days I am meeting many people who say to me, "My grandfather and my grandmother used to listen to you," and just the other evening when speaking at a Parent-Teacher's Association, a teacher came up to me and said, "Dr. Bradley, I was brought up on your broadcast." So the influences of life go on, and I have a deep feeling of humility, and of extreme gratitude, that I have been privileged through these years to have had the opportunity of broadcasting.

* * *

I do not recall in the whole period of my ministry a January in which we have had more inclement and unfavorable weather on Sundays. I am writing this just after the last Sunday in January and it has been the worst Sunday of the month. They have all been uniformly bad. Yet in spite of it we have had better congregations than I anticipated, and the people have been unusually responsive and encouraging.

The first Sunday in the month I always speak on "Courage." I have for many years. Even though we were having zero temperatures we received sixteen new members into the church at the morning service, and another fine congregation gathered in the evening to hear the address on "What is Behind the Berlin Crisis?"

The third Sunday was another zero Sunday. I spoke in the morning on "What is Christianity?" to a most enthusiastic and responsive congregation and that evening the address was on "Will Castro Become a Dictator?" During the season when we hold Sunday evening services I always use the Sunday evenings for a discussion of contemporary events. This program has worked successfully during the years and we are continuing it this season. Our Sunday evening services extend from the first Sunday in November until Easter Sunday. This year Easter Sunday comes early, the 29th

of March, and the Sunday evening services will close on that date.

The last Sunday in January was the worst Sunday I have ever experienced weatherwise in Chicago. We had one of the worst snowstorms of the winter. By mid-morning traffic in the city was at a standstill. It didn't seem to affect the morning congregation to any great extent, but by evening people simply refused to leave their homes and we had one of the smallest congregations in years.

We devoted the evening to the memory of the poet, Robert Burns. It was the 200th anniversary of his birth. I spoke on "The Unknown Burns," and Catherine Flood Campbell, who is a noted Burns authority and who reads the poet better than anyone I have ever heard, shared the pulpit with me. She read many of the poems and interspersed the readings with interpretative ideas. At the morning service I had read Burns' famous poem, "A Man's a Man For A' That," and I attempted to read it in the Scotch dialect. I was encouraged when Mrs. Campbell told me she had listened to the entire service and thought that I read the poem well, even though it indicated a Chicago Scottish dialect. It was an evening we shall all long remember and we closed with the traditional "Auld Lang Syne." Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McAuley were our soloists and they sang beautifully several of the best known Burns' songs. Everyone who was present spoke of the beauty and inspiration of the evening.

One of the pleasantest and most enjoyable occasions in connection with the 200th birthday celebrations of Robert Burns was held in the Chicago Art Institute Club Room, by the Friends of Literature. I have been interested and active in the Friends of Literature ever since its organization, more than twenty-seven years ago. It is the most influential group in our city for the encouragement and interpretation and understanding of literature. The season's activities are climaxed every year with the Annual Shakespeare Banquet, which is held on the Saturday evening closest to Shakespeare's birthday. I have had the honor of presiding at this dinner every year since the first dinner, twenty-seven years ago.

The President of the Friends of Literature is Mrs. Hazel Ferguson, whose ability to secure important people in the field of literature to appear on programs is unsurpassed. She has a charming personality and is an ardent devotee of good literature. At this Burns dinner Mr. John Alwood, Jr., retiring President of the Chicago Burns Society and Mr. John Gembala, Program Chairman of the Friends of Literature, were co-chairmen of the evening. The speaker was Catherine Flood Campbell, whom I mentioned in a preceding paragraph, who gave "An Hour With Robert Burns, in Prose, Poetry and Song." On the program were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Nettinga. Mr. Nettinga is the soloist in the Park Ridge Presbyterian Church and Mrs. Nettinga is the organist. I had the opportunity of working with Paul Nettinga for a year when he was a member of the Hymns of All Churches Choir and I was the speaker on that morning hour over the ABC network. Mr. and Mrs. Nettinga presented most effectively a group of Robert Burns' songs.

There were several other Burns celebrations held throughout our city. One of the most unusual and interesting was held in the Second Presbyterian Church in Evanston, at which the minister devoted his entire morning service to a Burns program. Dr. David H. Pottie was born and educated in

Scotland. Guests were Mr. John H. Hutchinson, President of the St. Andrews Society and Mr. Harold A. Drummond who has been active in Scottish affairs in Chicago. The people were piped in to the service on the bagpipe by Mr. Robert Simpson and Mr. Ronald McMurray. Mr. Hutchinson and Dr. Drummond were in kilts, as was the minister. Obviously I could not attend this service, much to my regret, as I was preaching at the same time, but Mrs. Bradley and Miss Mary Clarke, whose family were Scottish, did attend and were most enthusiastic about it, even though Mrs. Bradley's car was stuck in the snow and she couldn't get it out until late afternoon. That Sunday, January 25th, will long be remembered in our city, not only because of its being such a stormy Sunday, but because it was the birthday of one of the sweetest singers this world has ever known.

* * *

Another event which occurred in the month of January which I want to tell you about was the tribute which was paid to Dr. Albert Schweitzer on the eve of his 84th birthday. Dr. Herbert M. Phillips, who is President of the Albert Schweitzer Education Foundation, was responsible for the program. Chicago is blessed in having an educational station, WTTW, Channel 11. The call letters stand for "Window to The World." The station presents programs of exceptional educational character and is unusually successful. It is not commercial in any way and therefore does not feel the pressure which pertains to so much of commercial television. I was honored by being invited to appear on the program over Channel 11 with Mr. Adlai Stevenson, Mr. Percival Brundage, who was Director of the Budget of the United States, Professor Paul Tillich, the distinguished and internationally known theologian who is lecturing at the University of Chicago, Dr. Gerald Brauer, who is Dean of the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago, and Mr. Norman Cousins, the distinguished Editor and Writer of the Saturday Review. Each of the speakers approached the tribute to Dr. Schweitzer from a different angle and I question whether any affair honoring Dr. Schweitzer on his 84th birthday was any more comprehensive and truly interpretive of his greatness than was this program arranged by Dr. Phillips.

Dr. Phillips has written a new book, "Safari of Discovery—The Universe of Albert Schweitzer," which is attracting attention throughout the world. The book is to be reviewed at our Wednesday Evening Book Lecture on February 4th and Dr. Phillips, the author, is appearing with me that evening.

Dr. Phillips has made many trips to Lambarene, and the purpose of the Albert Schweitzer Education Foundation is the establishment of professorships in universities and colleges which will bear Dr. Schweitzer's name and be filled by people who are authoritatively familiar with Dr. Schweitzer's philosophy and work.

* * *

For many years I have given a lecture on books during the month of January each Thursday noon at 12:15 in the auditorium of the Chicago Public Library main building, on Washington and Michigan Avenues. These lectures seem to have become an institution and all during this month I have been speaking on the general theme, "The Meaning of Culture." I think it is a tribute to the interest of people in literature that they will take a half hour out of their luncheon period in

the middle of the day to attend lectures of this type.

Every weekday noon through the entire year the Chicago Public Library presents events and lectures of a cultural character. The response is most encouraging. During the entire month of my lectures there hasn't been one occasion when there wasn't an overflow audience to hear the lecture, with people standing. There are many evidences that Chicagoans are interested in good literature, good music and good art. The world doesn't know how many there are, or how responsive the people are to cultural opportunities. I have worked with them for nearly half a century and I think I can speak with some authority. One of the pleasantest series of lectures I have during the year is this series at the Chicago Public Library. Miss Mildred Bruder, who is Director of Public Relations for the Chicago Public Library, is responsible for the noontime activities. She has presided at each of the lectures and by the graciousness of her introduction has made each occasion an event for me.

* * *

Death has been unkind during the month and we have lost many friends and members of our church. I have had as many as three funerals in one afternoon. It is always hard to part with old friends, and the memory of the friendships is one of the beautiful compensations of the work which I am trying to do. I had one great personal loss this past month, which I am going to tell you about.

When we first started broadcasting thirty-five years ago, one of our earliest listeners was the wife of Col. Edward J. Baker, of St. Charles, Illinois. St. Charles is a lovely old city, nestling in the Fox River Valley west of Chicago. Mrs. Baker died in 1940 at the age of 70. They had lost a son as a youth in an accident. The Colonel lived on until the age of 90 and on Tuesday, January 20, I gave his funeral eulogy and we laid him to rest in Union Cemetery overlooking the Fox River. I have never known a greater outpouring of griefstricken men and women than those who gathered in the First Methodist Church of St. Charles for his service.

Colonel Baker inherited thirty-eight million dollars in 1918 from his sister who was the wife of John W. Gates. I never went to St. Charles without seeing Colonel Baker. We were often his guests at the Baker Hotel in which he lived and died. It was at his request that I delivered the eulogy. He never made a contribution to our own church or to myself. He centered all of his philanthropy on the city in which he was born and which loved him so deeply. He gave $250,000 for a Community Center in honor of the dead of St. Charles in World War One. He contributed $100,000 for a four-lane bridge over the Fox River. He built and presented to the First Methodist Congregation a $1,250,000 Gothic building, the church from which he was buried, now known as the Baker Memorial Church. He was not a member of the church, but he gave the church building as a memorial to his father and mother, who were members.

As I stood in the pulpit of that beautiful structure, I thought of Sir Chistopher Wren and St. Paul's Cathedral, and I began my address by telling of the many times I had stood at Sir Christopher Wren's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral, upon which is written, "If you would see my monument, look around you."

Colonel Baker's body rested in a bronze coffin on which there glowed the blue and red of the magnificent rose

(*Continued on page* 17)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

IT would not be an exaggeration to say that of all the millions and millions of people of the world who have lived and died since the recorded history of mankind began, no single individual of any race, any culture, with the exception of the Poet of Galilee, has ever had more consideration and more attention than has the life and character and personality of Abraham Lincoln. To have plowed your way into the morality and ethics of a civilization within a hundred years after one's death is an achievement unparalleled in human history.

No man in human history so quickly after he had lived his life became the focal point of all the moral and ethical beauty that it is possible for the human consciousness to conceive, until when one stands in the presence of Abraham Lincoln, one is aware that even though he has not slumbered a hundred years in his own tomb, he has implanted himself in the hearts of the ages.

To live the kind of life that is so impressively great that one is virtually accepted for that greatness in a large part of human society indicates a quality of soul, a degree of character, that cannot be considered, analyzed, looked at or emulated too often in our daily experience.

Greatness is not a qualitative attribute which can be possessed by races, by creeds, by nations; true greatness is always universal. The great minds in the fields of literature are accepted in every field of literary expression by every race and nation. They belong to the world. The one man, almost alone, exclusively in the history of our nation to have swept the horizon of history is the miracle of Abraham Lincoln.

How insignificant would the character and spirit of Lincoln become if we were to try to put it into the mould of one church, creed or religion! Abraham Lincoln knew not the narrow sectarian boundary lines of creed or church; he belonged to them all and he belonged to none. He stood above the little, petty emphases and quarrels and theological bickerings of quasi-illiterate people. The fear and superstition that motivated so much religion, had nothing to do with Lincoln. He stood above them all in his great sweep of the universal.

Eternal men don't die and eternal principles don't die. And the civilization that stays will be the civilization built upon those eternal principles.

"ACRES OF DIAMONDS"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
DECEMBER 7, 1958

ACRES OF DIAMONDS. The scene is Michigan. The time: a long, long time ago. The characters: my father and my mother and myself. In those days every little village almost in the entire country had what was called a "lyceum course." People of this generation know nothing about those old "lyceum" days, but every community and every village had a lecture course, a "lyceum course," and four or five of the series came to the community every year during the winter season. It was the only contact we had with many of the cultural influences of our day. There was no radio, there was no television, there were no automobiles; there were none of the things that are so much a part of your life and mine in this hour.

Five miles from the little village of Linden, Michigan, is another village called Fenton. Both of these villages have grown now, until they are a part of the metropolitan area of the City of Detroit. I was through them the other day and the changes are almost miraculous. But on the day of which I speak they were just little villages nestled on the banks of the Shiawassee River on its way to Saginaw Bay.

There was a lecture course in Fenton, which town was slightly larger than our village. My father and mother were people of no technical education. Neither one of them ever saw a diploma from any school or college; both of them left school very early in life—my father never went to school a day after he was fifteen; my mother never went to school a day after she was sixteen; but they retained an interest in the best things of life. Whenever this lecture course came to Fenton, they always managed to find enough to buy tickets and to take their boy and, frequently, my sister, three years my junior.

One afternoon when I came home from school my mother said to me: "There's going to be a lecture tonight on the lecture course over in Fenton and we're going!" And we went! We drove a horse and buggy. I should have to explain, probably, to a metropolitan audience what a "buggy" is, and I probably might have to explain to some of the younger folks what a horse is! But we drove over with a horse and buggy. The sand and mud were up to the hubs! On the way, there was a little lake called Silver Lake and it ran alongside of the railroad and it had a sand beach. If the weather was real hot the tires of the buggy would become loosened and father used to drive down the roadside into the lake and wait, with the buggy in the water, to tighten the tires. Oh, I remember that so well! Always frightened mother a little because she was afraid of horses and with the railroad nearby mother always worried that the train would go by and frighten the horse and we would be thrown out into the lake! It never happened—as most things we worry about never do, but mother always was glad when that part of the trip was over!

Well, we went to this lecture. It was held in the opera house. Every little town had an opera house! We had one. I don't know why—there was never any opera! But we had an opera house! Mother always let me sit on the front row, as the youngsters did those days

—and a man walked out on that platform. He was tall, had dark hair, wore a Prince Albert coat. You don't know what a Prince Albert coat is! I'm not talking about tobacco—I'm talking about a coat! He wore a Prince Albert coat, had a high collar, little black tie, and he started his lecture. I was completely fascinated! As I look back across the years now, I don't think I understood much of the lecture, but the personality of the man and the artistry of his speech did something to my soul, and I think something happened to my soul that night! Things do! His lecture was called ACRES OF DIAMONDS!

I don't know whether any of you of this generation ever heard Dr. Russell H. Conwell who, at that time, was the minister of Christ Church, Philadelphia, and was going about in days of difficult traveling, inconveniences that we wouldn't tolerate these days, but up and down the country he was going, giving this lecture! It is the most famous lecture ever delivered from an American platform! I wish you young people would seek it out—it is in print, I have a copy of it: ACRES OF DIAMONDS. This is the first time, probably, most of you have ever heard of it. He gave that lecture five thousand, seven hundred times! If you were to give that lecture every night for fifteen years, you would give it as many times as Dr. Conwell delivered it to the American people in the little lyceums across this country! The good that he did will never be known! Five thousand, seven hundred times! He was the founder of Temple University in Philadelphia, which has become one of the important universities and educational institutions of this continent! He was a Civil War veteran and was wounded in that war! He studied law, and practiced law, until the divine finger of the Infinite touched his heart, and he devoted his life to education and to young people!

That lecture earned more than five million dollars, and every cent of it Dr. Russell Conwell, with his ACRES OF DIAMONDS, gave to poor young students trying to get an education! He educated more than four thousand young men with that lecture: ACRES OF DIAMONDS! And one of the pitiful things of our generation is: that many of the great personalities and the great contributions they made that have helped build the character and the quality of our lands, no one ever heard of in this generation! But here was a man who, night after night, night after night, up and down this country in little halls, small buildings, under terrible traveling conditions, educated the youth of America! ACRES OF DIAMONDS!

The night of which I speak father and mother took us over to the lecture. I sat there and I looked into his face, as he told the story. It was during a trip which he and his wife, Mrs. Conwell, took down the Tigris River, that an old Arab told them the story of Al Hafed, which was the foundation of his lecture. I haven't the time to spoil that story for you, but it was the basis of the ACRES OF DIAMONDS: how an old Buddhist priest portrayed the origins of the earth, the swirling of the fog and the dust and the solidification of the ball and the breaking out of fire and the building of mountains, the scooping out of the lakes, the solidification when the fireball cooled into granite, which was the first to solidify; then less quickly came silver, still less quickly came gold, until finally a bit of pure carbon encased in a cold molten mass, pure carbon, and the diamond was born. "A diamond," said the old priest, is a congealed drop of sunlight. Old Al Hafed wanted diamonds.

He was wealthy! He had a large farm with orchards, grain fields and gardens. He had everything where he was, but he was told that if he could find a pure stream that ran with crystal beauty between high hills and over white sand, he would find diamonds! He went up and down the earth looking for that spot, did Al Hafed, after selling his farm. He never found it! Never! But back in the place which he left, on the Valley of the Tigris, the man who took over his property and his possessions kicked over a clump of dirt—and found diamonds in his own backyard! And from that the good Dr. Russell Conwell developed a philosophy of life; ACRES OF DIAMONDS: that we don't have to go to the far places of the world; that we don't have to leave our own backyard of life to find diamonds—ACRES OF DIAMONDS!

Years later, as a young minister, I was in Philadelphia. Dr. Russell H. Conwell was still living, an old man. And I thought if I could just shake his hand and tell him what he had meant to me through these years I ought to do it! I went out to his home. I was graciously received. And his housekeeper said: "Dr. Conwell will be glad to see you! He will be down in a moment." I stood and looked, and coming down the stairs was my old friend of my youth, an old man now, but he came and shook my hand and I said: "Dr. Conwell, there is one young preacher who, as long as he lives, will never forget an evening with you in a little village back in Michigan;" ACRES OF DIAMONDS! Acres—everywhere! May we have the vision for the opportunities that are right about us; help us all to see that there is someone very near, perhaps lives under the same roof; that there is someone just around the corner; that there is someone very near who may be waiting for a word of love, a word of encouragement, or help! May we not miss them! For there are Acres of Diamonds everywhere.

BOOK CHATS

My Lady of the Chimney Corner, (Collins Clear-Type Press, London and Glasgow.) The hour was late and I had retired, but not to sleep. It is a rare occasion when I read in bed, for it causes me to become so wide awake that I cannot get to sleep for an hour or more after I cease reading. However, I was at a spot in Dr. Alexander Irvine's exquisite little book where I could not put it down, so I read. It was the chapter where Jamie had gone back to Antrim to visit his father, some time after the death of his mother. His father was telling Jamie all about those last moments with "My Lady of the Chimney Corner." Never have I read anything more poignant, more beautiful in its simplicity—a gem of pure, exquisite emotion. The tears rained down my face; my eyes were so filled that I had difficulty seeing the words on the printed page, but I kept on and let the tears flow.

"Is this a sad book," you ask? Yes, beautifully so, but with so much love shining through it all, and a love that binds the sadness with patches of humor, until the result is a garment of classic beauty.

A tiny little book, four by six inches,

to fit any man's pocket, and destined to make any reader, man or woman, a finer human being for the reading of it. Mr. James Irvine, "Jamie," throughout the book, must have written this combination of an autobiography and also a biography of his mother in a spirit of dedication, for he says of her, "I owe everything to her; she was just a peasant woman, but she had a fine intellect. She understood the power of love." And further, "Greater than all schools, all colleges, all churches, more sacred than the holiest shrine to me is that poor little corner where 'My Lady' —skilled in the anatomy of misfortune —sent forth light and healing to those in need. Surely, while I live, she can never be considered dead."

The story begins with the courtship of Jamie's mother, Anna Gilmore, by the father, Jamie Irvine. The mother told young Jamie, her son, many years later, of that first meeting:

"I was fillin' my cans at th' well. He was standin' there lukin' at me.

" 'Wud ye mind,' says he, 'if I helped ye?'

" 'Deed no, not at all,' says I.

"So he filled my cans an' then says he: 'I would give you a nice wee cow if I cud carry thim home fur ye.'

" 'It's not home I'm goin',' says I, 'but to an oul' neighbour who can't carry it herself.'

" 'So much the better fur me,' says he, an' off he walked between the cans.

"At Mary McKinstry's doore that afthernoon we stood till the shadows began t' fall." And old Mary McKinstry's did not want for water-carriers for months after that.

One day Mary "tossed th' cups" for them.

"Here's two roads, dear," she said to Anna, "an' wan day ye'll haave t' choose betwixt thim. On wan road there's love an' clane teeth (poverty), an' on t'other riches an' hell on earth."

"What else do you see on the roads, Mary?" Anna asked.

"Plenty ov childther on th' road t' clane teeth, an' dogs an' cats on th' road t' good livin'."

"What haave ye fur me, Mary?" Jamie Irvine, Anna's friend, asked.

She took his cup, gave it a shake, looked wise, and said: "Begorra, I see a big cup, me bhoy—it's a cup o' grief, I'm thinkin' it is."

"Oul' Mary was jist bletherin'," he said, as they walked down the road in the gloaming, hand in hand.

"A cup of sorrow isn't so bad, Jamie, when there's two to drink it," Anna said.

He pressed her hand tighter, and replied: "Ay, that's thrue, fur then it's only half a cup."

It is difficult enough in this present day when two people of opposite or differing faiths decide to marry, but in the days before the famine in Ireland, it created a furore indeed, coupled with the fact that Anna was a girl of some education, whose parents had hoped for her to become a school mistress, while Jamie was illiterate and a shoemaker's apprentice. Jamie was a Protestant and Anna a Catholic. The priest was asked to marry them, but he refused, so they were married in the Church of Ireland (an Episcopal church).

They decided their future place of abode by walking to the crossroads, holding up a staff and letting it fall, and whichever way it fell was the direction they took.

When Jamie posed questions as to the future, Anna said, "Love is Enough, Jamie." All her life long she lived by those three words—"Love is Enough."

There are ten chapters to this tiny little book and each one is a separate gem, with its own facets of light.

"The Wolf and the Carpenter" tells of the famine in Ireland, when the potato crop failed and the returns from all the other crops went to England as rent and interest. The famine left in its wake a million newly-made graves; and only the carpenter was busy making plain pine-board coffins. Their first child was two years old and died of starvation. In this chapter, Jamie fights with a farmer over a small tin can of milk which Jamie managed to get from one of the farmer's cows. It is a fight of desperation, with their little child dying for want of the milk. Jamie brings the farmer home with him and wins not only the farmer's friendship but a sack of potatoes and a can of fresh milk. And the farmer was a Fenian.

They lived in what was called Pogue's Entry, in a thatched cottage with a mud floor. They had a bedroom, a loft under the thatch where the children slept who couldn't be accommodated on the floor of the general room, and in one corner of the general room was Jamie's cobbler's bench. From the chimney corner of this room "My Lady" was available to all who were in trouble, either in the little cottage or in the neighborhood. Yet in a quarter of a century she was only seen in church a dozen times, and those times probably when she was comforting someone through the most difficult trial of all, the loss of a loved one.

She had a religion that was completely encompassed by the words "love and kindness."

One day the son Jamie dashed into the cottage: "Ma, they're killin' Hughie Thornton." This chapter is a commentary on Anna. This was the only time Hughie ever entered their home, but for many years thereafter things were dated by "about," "before," or "after" the night Hughie stayed in the pigsty. The Irvines, according to Jamie, lived in the social cellar, but Hughie lived in the subcellar. He was the beggarman of several towns. The description of him as given by Jamie could well have been written by Charles Dickens, for the man rises in front of you, "short, thick-set, with a pock-marked face, eyes like a mouse, eyebrows that looked like well-worn scrubbing brushes, and a beard cropped close with scissors or a knife. He wore two coats, two pair of trousers, and several waistcoats—all at the same time, winter and summer. His old battered hat looked like a crow's nest. His wardrobe was so elaborately patched that practically nothing at all of the originals remained; even then patches of his old withered skin could be seen at various angles . . . He had dozens of pockets . . . full of bread crusts, scraps of meat, and cooking utensils, for like a snail he carried his domicile on his back." A small crowd of villagers were stoning him.

Jamie and Anna brought poor Hughie home. He was in bad shape and crying like a brass band, face and clothes red with blood. Water was borrowed (all water for washing and cooking had to be brought from a distant well). Anna washed Hughie's wounds. Hughie would not divest himself of any of his clothing so as Anna said afterwards, it was like "dhressin' th' wounds of a haystack."

Jamie the elder had scant sympathy for the beggarman, but Anna saw a human need and tried to supply it. The beggarman being the champion liar of County Antrim, the children went to bed late and slept little that night, their imaginations having been set on fire by the tales that Hughie had told.

Meantime Anna had gone out and borrowed a blanket. When she returned

she gave Hughie the choice of sleeping before the peat fire on the mud floor of the general room, or sleeping in the pigsty which had never as yet had a pig in it. Hughie chose the pigsty.

When Hughie struggled up and out of the pigsty the next morning it was evident that Anna's kindness had turned the minds of his abusers from revenge to kindness, for they shook hands with him and stuffed little packages into his various pockets. Out of their penury they brought what crusts they had, tobacco, cloth for patches and even needles and thread.

The crowd followed Hughie on his way out of town and when he reached the town well, Maggie McKinstry had several small children in waiting, and Hughie was asked to give them a blessing. It was a new atmosphere to him, but he bungled through it. One of the boys who had stoned him was brought by his father to ask his forgiveness. So Hughie came in despised and went out a saint.

The Irvines had twelve children in all, five of whom died before they were a year old, from malnutrition. I wish every American could read this book. We know so little of real hardship in this country. It is pause for thought to know what the poor of Ireland went through and yet maintained their sense of humor. And by contrast we gain some conception of our bounty in this country of ours at the present time.

The state of their poverty was well expressed by young Jamie in answering with a question a question which had been put to him by the master of some land. The master told him he needed a new shirt and asked him why he didn't get one. Jamie gathered up his courage and replied, "Did yer honor iver work fur four shillin's a week and share it wid nine others?"

Jamie finally got a job in the church and gradually lost the fine warm human feelings and substituted for it a theology. And he began to doubt the salvation of his mother. They had many an argument, she for her liberal thinking and he for his theology. She tried to impress him with the idea that he was God's ploughman and must keep his hands ever on the plough all through life.

Jamie finally came to America and worked as a missionary with men in The Bowery. In a letter to Anna he told her he was now a *fisher of men.* She laughed over the different kinds of fish he was catching, but she said to Jamie the elder, "I don't care s' much fur the fishers ov men as I do for th' ploughman." "Why?" asked her husband. "Because," said she, "a gey good voice an' nice clothes will catch men, an' wimmen too, but it takes brains t' plough up th' superstitions ov th' ignorant." "Tell 'im whin he comes, that I put th' handles ov a plough in his han's, an' he's t' let go ov thim only in death."

Jamie, the son, never saw his mother alive after he went to America, but he came back to see his father some time after her death, and the chapter where the two have a last visit together and then part at the station as Jamie returns to America is one of the most beautiful little dialogues I have ever read. It was then that the tears rolled down my cheeks and I was not ashamed of them.

As Anna knew she was about to take the last journey and she and Jamie, the husband were talking quietly together, she said:

"Ye mind what I say'd t' ye on th' road t' Antrim, Jamie—that 'love is enough'?"

"Ay."

"I tell ye again wi' my dyin' breath."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

HAVE you ever wondered what life would be like for you and what you would be doing with it, provided you lived to be ninety years old? I have speculated about the age eighty-five, but never dared to think of ninety! Imagine my surprise on reading the following letter to discover that Mrs. Krimmel was asked to teach foreigners a year ago, when she was eighty-nine—she will be ninety in July this year! I know you will find her letter of intense interest:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have been confined to my home during the past week with a very bad cold. Am going into my ninetieth birthday next July and have developed heart trouble of late.

When I started teaching in Chicago in 1888, I received the munificent sum of $35 a month, and had sixty-three pupils in my room. When I reached sixty-five years of age, my fifth and sixth-grade pupils built the 1933 Fair (Century of Progress) on three long tables at the James Madison School, and the whole school had to come to see our Fair. One of the neighbors sent his piano to our room. He had his men bring it up.

When I was seventy-five years old, St. Sabina School sent for me and I taught in two sixth-grade rooms. I carried many of my curios to the school, as well as many photographs; and the pupils were all going to save their money and go traveling.

I received another invitation to come back to teach foreigners a year ago, but I turned down that invitation.

$240 was the highest salary I ever received, and much less than that at the Catholic School.

Had a nice letter from one of my former pupils who lives in Florida and has reached the age of seventy. He keeps busy making furniture for relatives. When he was in his 'teens he and his pals built a boat in a hayloft and then took a sail in it up to Mackinac Island, stopping at several places along the way.

Received several messages from California yesterday, from some of my former pupils and friends. *Life is still very interesting for me.* My little grand nephew will be seven years old this month. I said to him one day, "I think you're going to be an artist." He replied, "No, I'm going to be a Doctor."

Matilda C. Krimmel

I underscored the words "Life is still very interesting for me." Oh, to reach ninety years and still have that zest for life. What a grand life Mrs. Krimmel has had! How many lives she has influenced toward something worth while. They wanted her to return to teach the foreign students when she was eighty-nine! And we hear people say "No one will hire me because I'm over thirty-five! At a time when some people cannot stand it to have little children around them, she has a keen interest in the little seven-year-old. Mrs. Krimmel's letter is well

worth reading and thinking about. We thank her for sharing her memories with us and feel proud that she is numbered among Dr. Bradley's listeners. May this be one of her happiest years!

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I would like to thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to appear on my "V. I. P." program. We've seldom had so tremendous a response to a program, and both David and I especially hope that you'll agree to come back again sometime. I regret that we didn't have the whole half-hour, since we hardly began on some of the questions I was anxious to ask.

We are most grateful to you, and David McElroy and I want you to know how much we enjoyed having you on the program.

Sincerely,

Norman Ross

Many of our readers will recall Norman Ross's V.I.P. Program on WBKB the night of December 7th and we have had many letters from listeners and viewers expressing their appreciation and pleasure in it. Dr. Bradley thoroughly enjoyed the occasion.

* * *

We received the following letter concerning the Broadcast on Channel 11 from the Museum of Science and Industry, in celebration of the 84th birthday of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, in which Dr. Herbert Phillips, Director of the Albert Schweitzer Foundation, interviewed Dr. Bradley. As we write these words, we are looking forward to Dr. Bradley's review tomorrow evening, of Dr. Herbert M. Phillips' recent book, "Safari of Discovery—The Universe of Albert Schweitzer," and the book lecture audience will have the pleasure also of meeting Dr. Phillips, who will be presented by Dr. Bradley. Here is the letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you for coming into my home via station WTTW, with the tribute to one of our greatest living men, Albert Schweitzer.

I do not think there is another person who can come near to your gifted way of expressing the true and beautiful inner soul of a dedicated man. In doing so, you reveal your own greatness, as we cannot evaluate what we do not understand or experience.

It is a great privilege to hear and see you through our current-day miracle, television; and a far greater privilege to be a part of your church and its activities.

While asking your pardon for taking up your time this way, I would like you to know what The Liberalist magazine does for its readers. I have been reading it ever since becoming a church member, and have yet to receive a copy in the mail that I did not read from beginning to end on immediate opening, regardless of when I came in or what I had planned to do then. Its very simplicity is greatness. Its sincerity is actual life. Its beauty of contents is a lift and nourishment for the mind and spirit.

May God bless you and your staff and give you the health, strength and vision needed for your important place in our current-day world, and the life of our church.

Yours very sincerely,

Marie Wysatt (Choir member)

Our choir members are very faithful and very devoted, arriving at 9:30 Sunday morning for rehearsal. Our Director, Mr. Frank L. Bennett, and Cathryn Bennett, his wife, our organist, come from Austin, one of the western suburbs, and many of the choir members come from as great a distance or greater.

* * *

We now publish a very lovely letter from an organist and instructor of LaPorte, Indiana, a member of the Bethany Lutheran Church of LaPorte:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

There are many times in the course of a lifetime when we tend to put off doing things we would like to do until suddenly we are faced with the realization . . . we have waited a bit too long.

In the many years I have been listening to your radio broadcasts and more recently your Sunday evening telecasts, I have been wanting to write you to say how very much they have meant to me. There is something about the manner of your speaking and the delivery of your Sunday morning services from the Peoples Church that captures my ears and heart completely.

The pictures you paint in "words" are as beautiful as those from a Master's brush, Dr. Bradley. There is much strength in them for all. In listening to you, I cannot help but think, here is a fine gentleman who throughout his numbering years has perhaps, personnally experienced many of life's experiences, complicated as many of them seem to be, only to find a brighter and more beautiful outlook ahead.

May your wonderful, warm and heart-stirring messages continue to reach your radio congregation. Please greet your organist and choir, for they are certainly sending forth very fine numbers. Your soloists are very good. May your messages encourage me to bring to our Adult Bethany Bible Class messages which will be remembered by them. May God's richest blessings be with you as you travel your way and I hope that I can some day have the privilege of meeting you personally.

Most sincerely,

Alvin H. Parker.

Art is universal, and the fact that Mr. Parker is an artist in the musical field makes him receptive to the art of expression, and so he describes Dr. Bradley's use of words to the art of the painter with brush and pigment. Art, as well as nature, makes the whole world kin. We appreciate Mr. Parker's letter very much.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Along the Way

(*Continued from page* 7)

window which was his gift. The church was literally wreathed in beautiful floral tributes. One sentence I shall repeat here which I used in the eulogy: "Utilized wealth for the benefit of all is the measure of true richness." The wealth which came to him he always considered an entrustment. There were many other unpublicized gifts which he made to the churches of his community, to scouting and veterans organizations and to the Police and Fire Departments of St. Charles. He purchased all of the uniforms for the Police and Fire Departments and his pall bearers were six members from each department, who wore the new and resplendent uniforms which were his gifts.

It takes as much character to administer wealth wisely and effectively as it does to acquire it. Using one's wealth for the benefit of the people is the wisest use which one can make. I was honored with his friendship through the years and I prize the memory of his gracious, kindly heart.

* * *

I shall be out of our pulpit for the Sundays of March 1st, 8th and 15th. Our Associate Pastor, the Reverend Mr. Kraft, who has won all of our hearts by his graciousness and interest, will be in the pulpit. I will return to

the pulpit for Palm Sunday, March 22nd and for the Holy Week services at the Erlanger Theatre and in our church. On Easter Sunday, March 29th, we will have three beautiful and triumphant services and I hope to greet many of our Liberalist readers and our radio friends on Palm Sunday, during Holy Week and on Easter.

Keep looking up!

Excerpts from a sermon delivered in the Peoples Church of Chicago October 5, 1958, by Dr. Dana Greeley, formerly of the Arlington Street Church in the City of Boston, now President of the American Unitarian Association.

"RELIGION IN THE MODERN WORLD"

By CHARLES DANA GREELEY

MEN sometimes divide the church into sects and denominations but, my dear friends, the church to which we are dedicated is a universal church. And so William Ellery Channing, said: "All Christians and myself form one body, just as far as a common love and piety possess our hearts. Nothing is more real than spiritual union." Following his example you and I could say, we do say, with earnestness today: No ecclesiastical boundaries or nomenclature can separate us from Bishop Oxnam or Harry Emerson Fosdick or Charles Clayton Morrison, or the friend of your minister, Bishop Sheil. They are our friends and there is a real bond of kinship that makes them and you and me members of one another, whether we call ourselves Methodists or Congregationalists or Catholics or Unitarians, or by any other name!

My distinguished predecessor, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, was a proponent of such unity, such concepts of union or of fellowship in religion. He said: "More and more men realize that the things that divide them into hostile sects are transient and insignificant beside the deep faith of the heart that unites them! More and more they come to see that our theological systems are but broken lights of the eternal, that the universal elements in religion are the only permanent elements, and that the river of spiritual truth cannot be made to flow in any regular and undeviating channel!" The reformations of history have been rebellions against the narrowness of sectarianism, and the greatest leaders of Christianity have been always those whose convictions and whose love have overleaped the limitations of the creeds and the sacraments!

As soon as man began to stand erect and to look up at the stars and to contemplate, even in the most elementary fashion, some of the great ideas that have haunted man's mind ever since, this man commenced to be religious! In his primitive stage he thought the whole world was alive, and he saw spirits or minor dieties in the trees and the stones and the running brooks. He didn't know very much about birth or about death, but he devised ceremonies that he thought would soothe or placate the powers that he was unable to understand. He didn't have much of an ethical sense in those days, but he had an inkling to the effect that the universe expected a "certain kind" of conduct from him, and that the right acts always produced the right results, or that wrong acts brought undesirable results. Both worship and morality had their inception in his untutored mind, and a capacity

for love began to have occasional wakenings in his heart. Wherever in the world men became primarily an agricultural people, their principal God became the God of Harvest. And wherever they were chiefly a maritime people, they put their first confidence in the God of the Sea.

I think I could argue that the great pacifiist of the Hindu faith in India in our century, Mahatma Gandhi, and Count Leo Tolstoy of Russia, and Albert Einstein, an Americanized Jew, were of one mind and one heart! They were not seperated by geography or by three different religious heritages. They were united as Children of the Living God, all with a universal outlook and a deep faith in human brotherhood, and a hunger and thirst after righteousness and peace!

Religion is one! The sun shines in the heavens and there spring up from the earth the Norwegian spruce and the cedars of Lebanon and the redwoods of California and the mountain ash and the weeping willows and the lily and the rose and the tiny May flower, but it is the same light and warmth and life-giving rays that produce them all! So there is a single source of inspiration in the courage of men, whether they grow up and worship in churches or mosques or temples or the out-of-doors, and whether they call themselves Holy Rollers or Ethical Culturists! Religions are many, but religion is one! "There is one God and Father of all, above all and through all and in you all"—that God is the creator and source of all that is. We know Him only in part, but He speaks as clearly at Canterbury and Concord as He does at Vatican City or the Oracle of Delphi! And if the strength of the hills is His also, then He may be witnessed in the Rockies and the Alps and the Himalayas as much as at Mount Zion or Mount Sinai! He is not a tribal God, and He is not present at the Catholic Mass but absent from the Pilgrim Thanksgiving table, nor does He listen to the voice of America then turn a deaf ear to the voice of China or Japan! His truth is the same in this sanctuary, my friends, and in a missionary outpost in Alaska, and in the Pleiades or in the Constellation Andromeda, seven hundred thousand light years away! He is as ever-present as the air we breathe, and He doesn't grant any special or unrepeated revelations to the children of men, or intervene in history in such a way as to violate His own law! He is revelation! He speaks, if not on tablets of stone, through the rock of the ages and the sands of time and, likewise, morally, through the consciences of men! Jesus of Nazareth said to us: "Not he that saith unto Me: 'Lord! Lord!' But he that doeth the will of My Father which is in Heaven shall enter into the Kingdom of God!" That is the test of religion! Religion is as universal and as distinctive to the mind and spirit of man as the deep blue sky that covers the heavens, or as the waters that cover the sea, and it is for you and for me, in our church and in all our churches, to develop this universal spirit of religion. It should not divide people into sects or separate them from one another, but it should unite them all over the face of the earth! Religion should obliterate boundaries; it should overleap the barriers of sects and of creeds and of sacraments, and it should unite people in the bonds of unity and of peace. I pray with you this day that that devotion to a universal faith may bring all men ever more closely together as members one of another and may be a harbinger, even of the Kingdom of God. On earth "there is one God and Father of all who is above all and through all an in you all."

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

DECEMBER

1—Attend. induction ceremonies
Frank Sain, Sheriff of Cook County—County Court House.
Invocation. Induction ceremonies for Otto Kerner—County Judge, Cook County. County Court House.
Funeral.

2—Address. Annual Banquet, DeKalb Chamber of Commerce. High School Auditorium, DeKalb, Illinois.

3—Made tape recording for radio use, at Rice Hotel, DeKalb.
Wedding.
Two funerals.
Address. Anderson Hall, Peoples Church.

4—Conference luncheon, Fritzel's re TV program.
Cut four records WCFL.

5—Address. Uptown Chamber of Commerce, Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Interview re TV program.
Address. Congregational City Missionary Society. Grand Ballroom, Palmer House.

6—Wedding.
Annual Christmas Luncheon, Friends of Literature, Art Institute.

7—Sermon. Peoples Church, a.m. WLS.
Sermon. Peoples Church, p.m.
TV Broadcast, VIP program, Channel 7. Norman Ross.
Radio Broadcast, WCFL.
Radio FM Broadcast, WSEL.

8—Two funerals.
Address. Oak Park Arms Hotel, West Towns Hospital Assoc.

10—Address. American Assoc. of United Nations. Student Union Auditorium, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N.M.

13—Worked in Study.
Wedding.

14—Morning sermon. Peoples Church. WLS. Broadcast, WCFL.
Tribune Goodfellows Night, Peoples Church.
Broadcast WSEL-FM.
Wedding.
Attended Dinner, American Assoc. for United Nations. Sherman Hotel.

16—Wedding.
Cut two special records for Christmas and New Year's day.

17—Two funerals.

18—Home to Linden, Michigan.

21—Morning sermon. Peoples Church. WLS. Broadcast WCFL.
Candle Light Service and Christmas Play. Peoples Church.
Broadcast WSEL-FM.

22—Working in Study.
Made sick calls.

23—Working in Study.

24—Christmas Eve Service 11 p.m.

26—Funeral.
Sick calls.

27—Wedding.
Funeral.

28—Morning sermon. Peoples Church. WLS.
Radio address. WCFL.
Evening sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcast WSEL-FM.

30—Working in Study.

31—Wedding.
Midnight New Year's Eve Service, Peoples Church.

FUNERALS

1—Sidney Barnes
3—Malcolm Rogers
Ed. Nelson
8—John W. Buggle
Dr. Sylvester Alonza Brenza
17—Mrs. Anna B. Wey
Dr. Victor L. Springer
26—Mrs. Charles M. Hayes
27—Mr. Wm. A. E. Roth

WEDDINGS

3—Elizabeth F. Pinder and Morton J. Shapiro
6—Wanda Young and Bruce D. Wonderle
13—Eugenia Berg and W. Lowrie Kay
14—Paula V. Levec and Victor R. Cercek
16—Lois Canty and Minus J. Parsley
27—Peggy Kirk and Harold J. Turner
31—Jacqueline Barron and Frank Boliaux

DR. BRADLEY'S FEBRUARY BOOK LECTURES

In the Peoples Church, 8 p.m.

Wednesday, Feb. 4—"Safari of Discovery—The universe of Albert Schweitzer"—Herbert M. Phillips
Wednesday, Feb. 11—"Only in America"—Harry Golden
Wednesday, Feb. 18—"Brave New World Revisited"—Aldous Huxley

CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY LECTURE

Randolph and Michigan, 12:10 noon.

Thursday, Feb. 19—"The Religion of Lincoln"

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

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Junior Church—Parents are invited to accompany their children. ..... 9:30 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.

Wednesday evening book reviews at Peoples Church ..... 8:00 p.m.

Thursday, February 19th, Dr. Bradley's lecture at Public Library ..... 12:10 p.m.

Woman's Club, February 10th, Birthday Party for Members only ..... 12:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Sunday, February 8; People to People, by Dale Carnegie Alumni; Guest Artist, Frank Nordhaus, Tenor; Georgiana H. Fitzgerald, "Mountain Climbing in Western Canada," and colored slides ..... 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club, Tuesday, February 24th, Ladies Night. Guest speaker, William Herzog, speaking on Abraham Lincoln. Also a Lincoln Film will be shown ..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club, Friday, February 20th, will serve a Boston Baked Bean Dinner. Program by the Fisher School of Ballet, $1.25 ..... 6:30 p.m.

Couples Club meets 1st Tuesday in Anderson Hall, Folk Dance ..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS—Morning Church Sermon Broadcast direct from church pulpit ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL (FM)—Rebroadcast of Morning Sermon ..... 9:30 p.m.

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Mr. G. Koomans, of Griffith, Indiana, in commenting on the assistance which Magikist Company, of Chicago, is lending to the broadcasting of the services of the Peoples Church over station WLS, had this to say in a letter which we published in our January issue:

"Many times I have asked how some stories of crime, filth and sex could find a sponsor or have listeners. I think it is a good sign that at least one company has enough faith in the decency of the American people to sponsor a program dedicated to humanitarian principles and spiritual progress. Yes, I believe it is wonderful."

Magikist Company is carrying two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. every Sunday. Not only do I, as pastor of the Peoples Church, deeply appreciate this courtesy and encouragement to us, but every one of our members is grateful to the Magikist Company.

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